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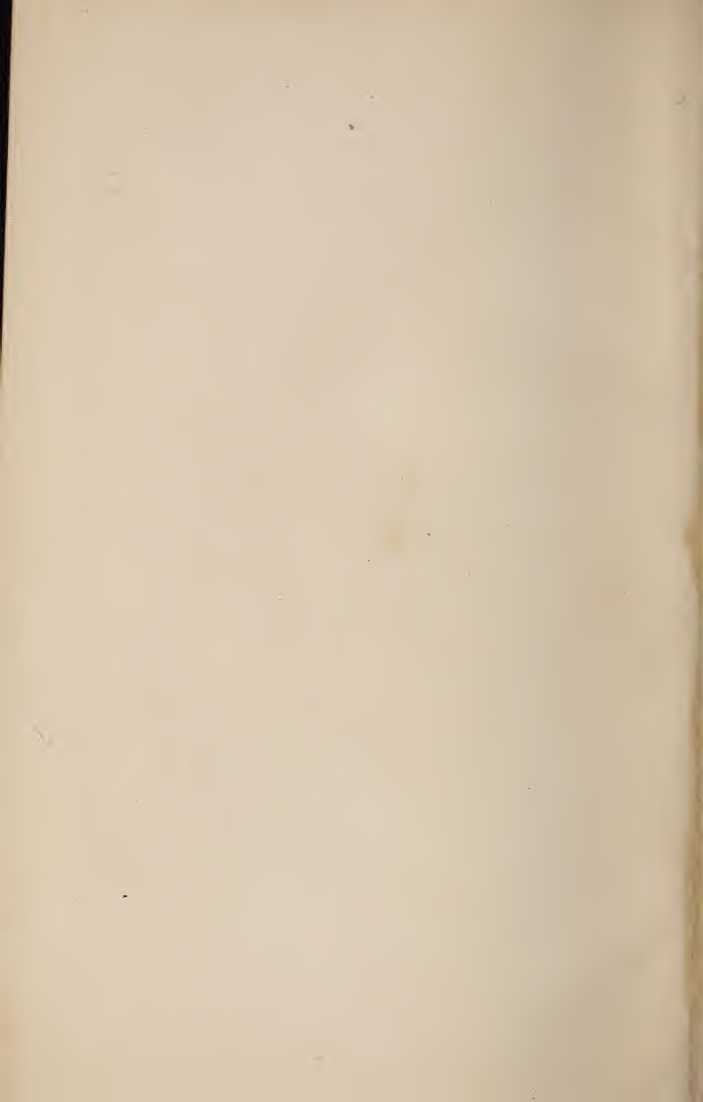
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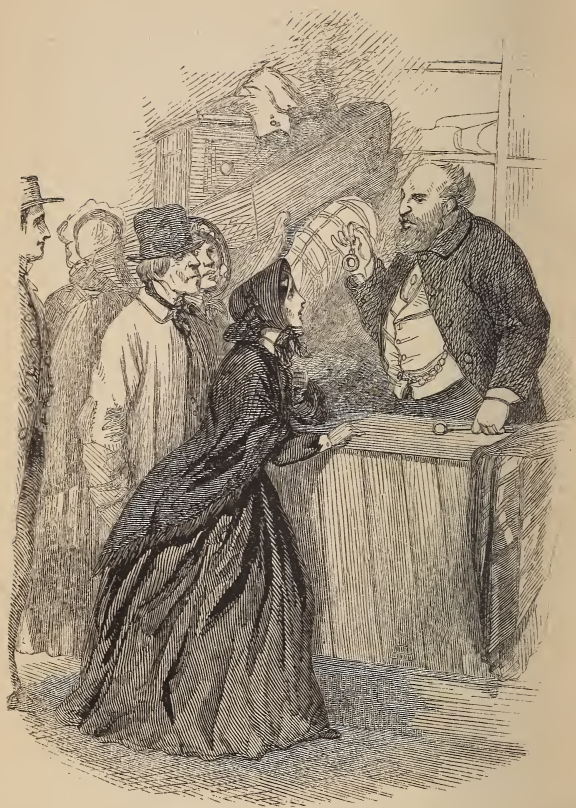
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THE
BLOOM OF YOUTH;
OR,
WORTHY EXAMPLES.

SELECTED BY THE LATE
REV. JOSEPH BELCHER.



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Those in the bloom of life are here presented with the history of many eminent persons when they were beginning the activities of life—examples worthy of admiration and imitation.

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THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

Duties at Home Discharged.

MISS HALL.

IN the volume containing the miscellaneous productions of the Hon. John Cotton Smith, we have a striking display of filial affection in Miss Huldah Hall. She resided at Stonington, Conn., during its bombardment by the British in August, 1814.

A few rods from the breastwork, in a small house, resided an aged widow and her daughter. The mother was sick, and could not be removed. Her daughter remained alone with her through a night

and day till the mother died. The bereaved daughter then went forth to announce the fact and obtain assistance to bury the dead. No female aid could be obtained, for all had fled. A few men assembled, but perceived they could do nothing with the body, except to take it with the bed and covering and bury them together. Accordingly they carried all to the nearest burial-ground, where they found a cavity made by the fall and explosion of a shell, in which the whole were interred, and where they yet remain.

The composure, the passive courage, as well as dutiful affection of the daughter, astonished all who saw her. Without calling for aid, or uttering a complaint, she continued at the bedside of her dying mother until her death, while cannonballs were often passing through the house, and even the room where she sat.

A POOR GIRL IN NEW YORK.

What palace ever presented a picture more beautiful than that of an only daughter in New York, in the winter of 1713, as thus described by the historian :

Her aged parents were, in that severe season, reduced to the last stick of wood. By her industry alone had they been long supported, but now she had no means of procuring for these beloved ones either food or fuel. In this distressing emergency, she thought of the expedient of going to a dentist, with the resolution of disposing of her fore-teeth, knowing that he had advertised to give three guineas, about \$15, for every sound tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself. On her arrival she made known the circumstances which induced her to make the sacrifice, which so affected the dentist that he could not for-

bear shedding tears. He made her a present of ten guineas, with which, with a heart full of joy, she hastened home to relieve her parents.

A GIRL IN PHILADELPHIA.

Going up Third-street, says the editor of the "Philadelphia True Sun," a few years since, we were attracted by the cry, "going, going, going," at one of the pawnbroking establishments, and on entering it, found it filled with a motley assemblage, examining the mixed display of goods, wares, and merchandise arranged for sale. A cradle, a feather-bed, a watch, a bureau, a coat and vest were successively disposed of, at prices which struck us to be far above their value, and it was amusing to witness the eagerness with which the competitors sought to possess themselves of the va-

rious objects of their competition. We noticed among the group an interesting girl about seventeen years of age, in faded yet deep mourning. There was an expression of anxious melancholy upon her pale and beautiful countenance, which riveted our attention ; she was not among those who were bidding, but was undoubtedly waiting until some article was offered which she was desirous of possessing. At length the auctioneer offered a miniature and locket. The pale girl started, and rushing towards the counter, exclaimed in a voice of deep anguish,

“ Oh, do n't—do n't sell them, sir ; keep them a little while longer. I shall be able to redeem them. I shall indeed.”

“ What is bid for them ?” continued the auctioneer.

“ Do not bid,” almost shrieked the girl. “ I had to pawn them to get bread for my little sister ; it is my mother's hair

which that locket contains—poor, dear mother, who gave it to me when she was dying. Oh, do not sell it—pray do n't.”

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced by this appeal among that assemblage. There was not a solitary bid for the articles; but we saw an elderly gentleman in the simple garb of a Quaker go to the desk, and in a few minutes afterwards we saw that pale girl press his hand to her lips, and after eagerly kissing something which he handed to her, she rushed from the room. This scene terminated the sale that day, for the audience soon began to disperse, the few that remained evincing no disposition to possess themselves of any of the “unredeemed pledges” remaining on hand.

A DAUGHTER IN CONNECTICUT.

The New Haven Courier several years ago related the following incident :

In a lawyer's office in a remote part of this state, lay a mortgage for eleven hundred dollars, which was within a few days of being due. One morning the man on whose place the mortgage was held, called and inquired if the payment could not be put off a short time. He was a man somewhat advanced in life, and very intemperate. The lawyer in reply to his inquiries said that the gentleman who held the mortgage wanted his money—that he was sorry, but it could not be extended. The tears came to the old man's eyes, and after standing a few moments, an image of despair, he turned and left the office. He returned home, believing that in a few short days his aged and infirm wife and invalid

daughter would have to quit the roof which had so long sheltered them, and seek for a home he knew not where.

He could say nothing to them about it, it would cause them so much grief. The mortgage became due, and in the morning early the farmer again repaired to the lawyer's office. He pleaded for time, but to no purpose. Overcome with emotion, the old man sank into a chair, and there sat for two hours apparently unconscious of any thing that was passing around him, when a carriage drove up to the door, and a young lady stepped from it. She entered the office. After standing a few moments, looking at the old man with interest and emotion, she spoke. The old man looked up.

“Father, how do you do?”

“Oh, Sarah, I am well, but sad. I am glad to see you, but sorry for your aged mother and invalid sister. I can-

not return to them, for it will be to tell them they have no home, and this I cannot bear. It will kill your poor mother."

"Father, father," said the daughter, "could you live a temperate man, if this were paid?"

"Yes; O yes, I would; but it cannot be, for I have nothing to pay it with."

"Now sign the pledge, and here is the money." The old man put his name to the pledge, and departed to his home with a happy heart.

The daughter had saved the \$1,100 by working in a factory.

AN AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

A respectable old gentleman for a number of years kept a good supply of cider in his house, and regularly, though temperately, indulged in its use. His daughter, being the youngest member of

the family, and a favorite withal, generally had the privilege of drawing the cider for him—and a great privilege she used to consider it. In process of time she attended a temperance meeting, and there with others signed the total abstinence pledge. Not long after she reached home, her father came in, and after a while requested her to go down into the cellar and draw him a mug of his favorite beverage.

“Why, father,” she replied, “I have signed the pledge; and the lecturer said it was not only wrong to drink ourselves, but that we ought not to encourage others to do so. I rather guess, father,” she playfully continued, “that I can’t draw you any more cider.”

The old gentleman fixed his eyes on the floor for a minute, apparently buried in thought, and then exclaimed,

“Well, my child, if you ought not to

draw me cider, I certainly ought not to drink it—and I wont!”

From that day he took not a drop of any thing that could intoxicate, and he and his whole family became stanch friends and supporters of the temperance cause.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When about fourteen years of age, this illustrious man entered the navy. When the time arrived that he was to leave home, he went into the sitting-room of his mother, to take leave of her. She was seated and in tears.

He approached her, and putting his arms about her neck, affectionately kissed her. He was about to bid her “farewell;” but he hesitated. Her affection and affliction unmanned him. He was young and ambitious, yet the filial feelings of his heart were stronger than

any other ties; and here, nobly sacrificing his pride and ambition, he relinquished his purpose, and stayed to comfort her who gave him birth. The boat which was conveying officers and men and baggage from the shore and the ship continued to ply. At length it returned on shore for the last time. A signal flag was hoisted to denote that all was ready.

George was standing viewing the movements. Several of his companions now entered the boat, which presently was urged towards the ship by the oarsmen.

As they approached her, the signal gun for sailing was fired. The flash followed by the report was noticed by George, soon after which the sails rose majestically one after another.

George could no longer bear the sight with calmness, but turned away, and entered the room where his mother sat.

She observed the grief which sat upon his countenance, and said to him, "I fear, my son, that you have repented your determination to stay at home and make me happy."

"My dear mother," he replied, at the same time placing his arms about her neck, and giving vent to his feelings with a gush of tears, "I did strongly wish to go; but I could not endure being on board the ship, and knowing that you were unhappy."

How wonderfully does the superintending providence of God appear in this matter! At sea, Washington could have done but little for his country; on land God prepared him for the accomplishment of what probably no other man could have done.

A DEVOTED SISTER.

A few days ago, says a writer in "The Mother's Magazine," I was at the state prison at Sing Sing, where I heard the facts I am about to relate.

A young man from Nova Scotia came to the city of New York, and fell among thieves. He became the companion of criminals, perhaps was a criminal himself. Certainly he was arrested on a charge of crime, was tried, convicted, and sent to the prison at Sing Sing.

His sister in Nova Scotia heard of the fate of her brother, and resolved to secure his deliverance from prison. She was only a servant-girl, and her scanty purse was barely sufficient to defray her expenses through the long journey to the city. When she reached New York, she learned that the only way to get her brother out of prison was by pardon from

the governor of the state, and he was at Albany. She had no means to employ counsel to aid her in making the application, nor even the little that was necessary to pay her own way to the governor. She went to service in the city, and worked faithfully till she had earned money enough to defray her expenses to Albany, and was soon there, a stranger, a young unprotected woman, with no other recommendation than that of having a brother in the state prison. She inquired her way to the house of the governor, obtained an audience, and then with all the eloquence of love so long pent up in her bosom, she made known her request. The governor said that he must have some reason for granting the pardon, or he could not interfere. "But my brother is an innocent man," said the girl, who had never for a moment indulged the thought that he could be guilty of crime.

The governor wanted something more than her word for it, and giving her the small comfort of words of sympathy and kindness, sent her away.

She returned to New York, and finding a place, again resumed her domestic service, and indefatigably labored, as time and opportunity allowed, to accomplish what was now the great object of her life. And what will not perseverance and love achieve? Hopeless as the attempt might appear, she found the men who composed the jury that convicted her brother, and obtained the names of every one of them to a petition setting forth mitigating circumstances in his case, and asking the interposition of executive clemency in his behalf. With this petition the devoted sister hurried to Albany, and full of hope, she presented it to the governor. He was moved by the intensity of her purpose, and the ardent

strength of her affection. But he still hesitated.

“Why,” said she, “you *must* pardon my brother. I shall never leave you until you do. I shall stay just here and pray for ever; and if you wish me to go away, you must pardon him, and I will bless you, and God will bless you the longest day you live.” Her tears and prayers so far prevailed as to extort a promise that he would make immediate inquiries into the case, and if they were satisfactory he would transmit the pardon by a certain day, which he named, through the mail, to the prison at Sing Sing.

Once more the noble-hearted girl returned to her work and waited for the slow weeks to wear away. But they flew faster when she thought that the time of her brother's liberty drew near, which would be the reward of her toil and suffering.

On the very day which the governor had named, the constant sister made her appearance at the door of the prison at Sing Sing, and informed the keeper that she had come for her brother, who on that day was to be pardoned by the governor. She was told that no pardon had been received. Her heart sank within her. Was she, after all, to be disappointed? "But the governor said he would send it by the mail, and it would be here to-day. He will keep his promise, I know he will." The keeper was struck with her appearance, and deeply interested in her manner. He told her to come in, and he would send to the post-office. While the messenger was gone she walked the room in great agitation, trembling between hope and fear; and when the word was brought that there was *no pardon*, she protested that it would come, and she should not leave

the prison until it did. The kind-hearted keeper took her to his house and permitted her to stay there awaiting the arrival of the governor's letter. The next day it came—the *pardon came*—and she embraced her brother FREE, and freed by his sister's sacrifice and love.

The pardon was accompanied by a letter from the governor to the prisoner, urging him in strong and impressive language to conduct himself hereafter in a manner worthy of the noble sister of whom he had reason to be proud, and to whose self-denying and persevering efforts he was indebted for his liberty. The brother and sister rejoicing in their reunion and the boon of freedom so toilfully won, took their way from the prison-house, and went into retirement to earn an honest livelihood.

TWO DAUGHTERS.

A gentleman residing in the western part of the state of New York, a few years since sent two of his daughters to Litchfield to be educated. While they were there, God was pleased to bless the church with a revival of religion, the news of which soon reached the ears of their father. He was much troubled for his daughters, "apprehensive," to use his own words, "lest their minds should be affected, and they should be frightened into religion."

Fully alive, as he thought, to their happiness, and determined to allay their fears and quiet their distresses, he sent a friend to Litchfield with positive orders to bring them immediately home, that they might not be lost to all happiness and hope, and consigned to gloom and despondency.

The messenger departed on his errand. But the young ladies had already chosen Christ for their portion, and had resolved that whatever others might do, they would serve the Lord. They looked at both sides of the great question: they looked at the world and the pleasures of the world, and they thought of God and the glories of immortality; and with an eye full fixed upon heaven, they determined to live for eternity. They saw their chief happiness to consist in loving and serving the Lord. They discovered that

“Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less;”

that it commends and approves every rational enjoyment which the world can afford, and adds others of a higher and more exalted nature, which the world cannot give, and which it cannot take away.

They returned to their father's house, not overwhelmed, as he expected, with gloom and despondency, but with hearts glowing with gratitude to God, and countenances beaming with serenity and hope. Indeed they rejoiced in the Saviour. They told their father what the Lord had done for their souls, that they were only pilgrims on earth, that they were keeping in view the bright fields of promise as they traversed this desert of sin, and were looking for that "city which hath foundations."

Soon after they had returned home they were anxious to establish family worship. They affectionately requested their father to commence that duty. He replied that he saw no use in it. He had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with the family them-

selves. Not thinking that they would have confidence to do it, he assented to their proposal.

The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters drew forward the stand, placed on it the Bible, and one of them read a chapter. They both kneeled, and the other offered prayer.

The father stood; but while the humble, fervent prayer of his daughter was ascending to heaven, his knees began to tremble; he also kneeled, and then became prostrate on the floor.

God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes, which never shed tears of penitence before, to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Happy family! a believing father and believing children. Happy they whose God is the Lord.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL GIRL.

A little girl became hopefully pious when she was about nine years old. During the next winter she attended the district-school. When the school was dismissed at night, she was in the habit of lingering behind till all the scholars had left, and then returning to the school-house, and spending a short time in prayer.

Her father was an irreligious man, and at heart an infidel; but he was very kind and affectionate to his little daughter. One day when the weather was extremely severe and the wind high and piercing, the father was afraid his daughter would perish with the cold. He therefore set off to meet her as she returned from school at night. He met the other scholars on their return home, but the dear object of his search was not among

them. With all the earnestness of an anxious parent, he hastened to the school-house. When he arrived there, all seemed silent except the piercing gusts of wind which whistled round the school-house. He cautiously opened the door and entered. At that moment a voice indicating the greatest earnestness fell upon his ear. He stopped and listened. It was his own beloved child, pleading with God to have mercy upon her dear papa.

The father's emotion was too strong to be suppressed, and his soul was filled with agony and bitterness. He drew near and embraced his child, and then accompanied her home, deeply convinced that he was a sinner. In a few weeks he submitted himself to Christ, and accepted him as his all-sufficient Saviour, and as the only foundation of his hope of eternal life. This once impious infi-

del became, by the prayers of his little daughter, a devoted and active Christian.

THE SISTERS.

A young lady who afterwards became the wife of a missionary, immediately after her own conversion began to pray and to use means for the salvation of her three younger sisters. She commenced and continued to act systematically. A short season was devoted every week to pray with and for them. At length He who is both a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," "ye shall not seek my face in vain," condescended to give her a gracious answer. The three sisters were brought to bow to the sceptre of Jesus, and to take upon them the profession of his name. After their

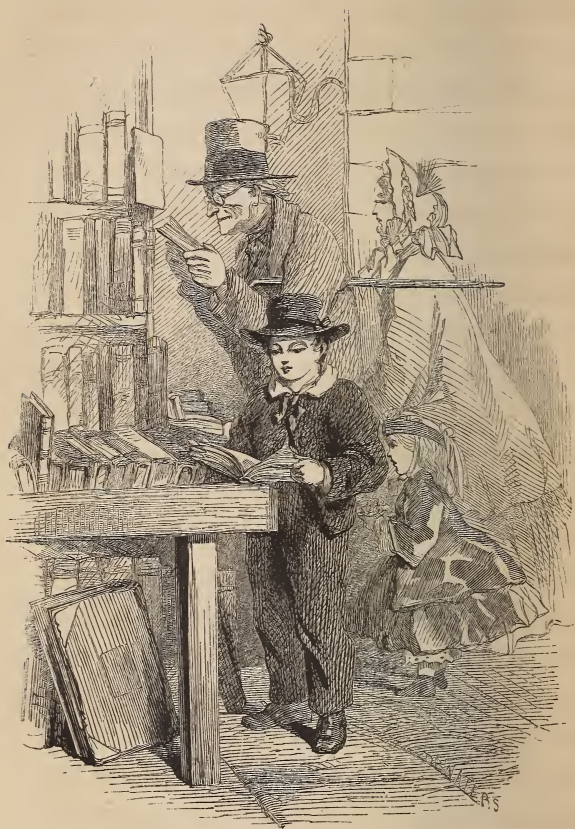
conversion, the prayer-meeting became doubly interesting to them all, and it was continued by the three for whom it was first established, who had thus learned the value of intercessory devotion.

Knowledge Pursued amidst Difficulties.

JOSHUA MARSHMAN.

MOST of our readers have heard of Dr. Marshman, a learned missionary in India. We can give them some account of him in early life, so that they may also be encouraged to apply themselves diligently to the improvement of their minds.

“I was eight years old,” he says, “and one evening my father related to me the story of David and Goliath, and afterwards, at my request, pointed it out to me in the Bible. I read it immediately, and wishing to know how it came about, went back several chapters, and got all the story. This roused my curiosity so much, that in thirteen months I found time to read all the history in the Old



Testament, which I have never since forgotten. Soon after this happened, I went to the fair, where there chanced to be an old book-stall. I had never thought there had been so many books in the whole world; and I quickly commenced an examination of them. I found among others, 'The Annals of English History;' in turning over which, I lighted on the story of 'The Achievements of Wallace,' with which I was so fascinated that I remained standing at the stall two hours, until I had finished reading it. From this time I used to search every house to which I had access for books, and at Oakes Ingram's found several, all of which I read again and again.

"One Sabbath, at church, being in a strange seat, I discovered in a Bible 'The Apocrypha,' which I had never before seen. With this I was perfectly delighted; and used to go home and has-

tily swallow my dinner, and run to the meeting in order to read it. Mr. Marshman, a relative, who preached in the vicinity, having heard how much I was attached to reading, brought me several books, and among others, 'Josephus,' and a thin quarto volume, 'Salmon's Geography.' The latter of these I used to carry buttoned up between my waistcoat and my shirt; and by so doing, it had at last scarcely a straight leaf in it. In consequence of this, I gained a bad name for my usage of books."

This was the beginning of the education of a minister who acquired the knowledge of thirteen languages, and in connection with others, translated the Bible into all of them. Thus, without any of those advantages for literary acquirements which are furnished in our schools, academies, and colleges, he rose to a very exalted station among the learned.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as the late Mr. Gal-
laudet was walking in the streets of Hart-
ford, there came running to him a poor
boy of very ordinary appearance at first
sight, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed
the gentleman's attention as the boy in-
quired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man
who would like a boy to work for him
and learn to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do
you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply,
"and have just run away from the work-
house, because they would not teach me
to read."

The gentleman made arrangements
with the authorities of the town, and
took the boy into his own family. There
he learned to read. He soon acquired
the confidence of his new associates by

his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.

It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

“Go to France!” said his master, sur-

prised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation ; “ for what ? ”

“ Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening,” continued George, “ and I will explain.”

His kind friend was invited accordingly, and at teatime the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

“ In the time of Napoleon,” said he, “ a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces, of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered.”

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon.

Lewis Cass, then our minister to the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and enjoyed the plaudits of the court. He received the prize which he had won, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the court of St. James, and took up a similar prize offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations in London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and became Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the autocrat of all the Russias.

JOHN WATSON.

John Watson was descended from poor but reputable parents, west of the mountains in Pennsylvania. His parents taught him to read at an early age, and it is believed that he never regularly went to school. He had no extraordinary attachment to books until, when about six or seven years old, his father made him a present of one, in the story of which he became so much interested that, if permitted, he would have read all night. From this period, his desire to read and to obtain knowledge became insatiable; and his father cherished this

feeling by furnishing books chiefly on geography and history.

When he was about nine years of age, he was deprived of his father, and was taken into the family of a friend, where he was required to perform such service as he was capable of rendering. The lady with whom he now lived had a handsome collection of books, especially novels, of which she was a great reader. She soon discovered that Watson was at every leisure moment reading these fictions.

Whether she thought they were improper books for a boy of his age, or that his reading occupied too much of his time, she forbade his touching her novels. He wished to be obedient to a lady who, in every other respect, treated him kindly, but he could not resist his desire to read. He secretly took her books, and concealing them in private places,

read them by stealth. This stratagem was discovered; the bookcase was locked, and the key securely kept.

Mortified and miserable, Watson lay awake whole nights thinking about the books and devising means to obtain them. To use stratagem again, he thought wrong and dangerous. While in this state of mind, he found a key, and it occurred to him that it might possibly open the bookcase. In her absence, agitated by fear lest he should not succeed, and by a sense of guilt, knowing he was doing wrong, he made the experiment, and was successful. During the absence of the lady, he from time to time exchanged the books, till he had read the whole of them.

Some time after, the gentleman with whom he lived keeping a tavern and a retail store, he taught Watson writing and arithmetic, that he might assist him in his business.

Still his beloved books occupied his attention at every leisure moment from the store and the bar-room. "Addison's Spectator" fell into his hands, and was read with great delight. Prefixed to each number of that work, he usually found a Latin sentence, which he could not understand. This was a source of great mortification, and excited a strong desire to learn Latin. About this time, when he was eleven or twelve years old, he got possession of a copy of "Horace" and an old torn "Latin Dictionary;" and with these, without a grammar or any other aid, he commenced learning Latin. By unremitting diligence and labor, he was able to understand a great part of that difficult book.

While Watson was thus employed, Alexander Addison, then President of the Court of Common Pleas in the western district of Pennsylvania, lodged at the

public-house where he lived, and returning to his lodgings one night at a late hour, after the family had retired to rest, he found the young bar-keeper reading Horace by fire-light.

Entering into familiar conversation with Watson, he learned with surprise the study in which he was engaged, and the progress he had made. Addison expressed his delight in finding him so laudably employed, and his regret that he was not furnished with better means of obtaining a classical education. He promised, however, to bring him some suitable books at the next session of the court.

This was the first encouraging word the boy had heard respecting his studies since the death of his father. Its effect was transporting. In imagination he saw himself a learned man, able to read Latin and Greek, and every thing he wished.

The ardently desired time at length arrived, and the judge rode up to the tavern door. Watson, anticipating the hostler, seized the horse's bridle, and at the same time cast an impatient look towards the portmanteau. "I have brought you the books, my good lad," said the judge. "Never," said Watson, when relating this incident, "did I experience a more joyful moment. My heart was so full that I could not utter a word." Books adapted to the object he had in view were now in his possession.

Having given some general directions respecting the manner of studying the Latin grammar, and of applying its rules in the course of reading, the judge promised to furnish such books as would be suitable at future periods. This pledge was faithfully redeemed, and books in other departments as well as the classics were now furnished by the judge and

other friends. By diligent study, Watson became a very eminent Latin and Greek scholar, and ultimately was the first president of Jefferson college.

At about the age of thirty, this excellent young man was removed to a better world; believing in death, as he had long done in life, that the simple truths of the gospel were of infinitely more value than all human science.

ROBERT HALL.

When the late Rev. Robert Hall of Bristol, England, was about six years of age, on starting from home on Monday, it was his practice to take with him two or three books from his father's library, that he might read them in the intervals between the school hours. The books he selected were not those of mere amusement, but such as required deep and se-

rious thought. Before he was nine years of age, he had read the treatises of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, and "Butler's Analogy," on all of which he must have thought very much, or he could not have found so much pleasure in reading them. Before he was ten years old, he had written many essays, principally on religion, and he often preached very sensibly to his brothers and sisters. All this he did, though from his childhood he had to endure great pain, arising from disease, which at length led him to the grave.

Robert Hall grew up to be a great and good man. Everybody respected him for his fine talents, which he had nursed from his infancy; and even those who did not love his religion, admired his understanding. This was owing to his early diligence, and God's blessing upon it.

HENRY CLAY.

It is always desirable to know how to speak well in public. The celebrated Henry Clay, when speaking to a number of young men at Ballston Springs, in the state of New York, stated that he owed his success as a speaker to one single fact: that when he was a young man he commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. "These off-hand efforts," he added, "were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my entire subse-

quent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day."

JENNY LIND.

It can scarcely be necessary to remind our young readers of the necessity of perseverance, if they would accomplish any great and good object. Here is an illustration of what it will do.

In a small city in the North of Europe, within the last quarter of a century, a school-girl began to warble the wild melodies of her own mountain home with a

sweetness that entranced her classmates and friends. So wildly beautiful were the tones of her voice, that multitudes crowded around her to listen to its magical strains.

In the midst of her successes she *lost* that voice. No one could assure her that she would ever regain it. It came again, but was feeble. It no longer delighted multitudes. She was not discouraged. She persevered through long years, to cultivate it, and if possible, recover its former purity and power. It came not, and the best musicians in the land spoke doubtingly of her success; yet she toiled on, and when she least expected it, and when others had almost forgotten its former purity and fascination, it came with twofold beauty, to astonish and delight tens of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. Patient industry, an onward course, and high

resolves won back again the lost treasure to the queen of song—Jenny Lind, now Madame Goldschmidt.

MOSES STUART.

The late Professor Stuart of Andover was a farmer's son, and until the age of fourteen, intended to lead a farmer's life. Hence his early education was meant to fit him for an agriculturist.

At four years old, it is said, he read a book of ballads, which developed in him a lifelong passion for imaginative genius. At the age of twelve, he read with absorbing interest that masterly production, "Edwards on the Will," and at the age of fourteen began to prepare for college. In one evening he learned the four conjugations of Latin verbs, in another the sixty rules of syntax, and in three days was master of the grammar.

He was a favorite pupil of Dr. Dwight, under whom he graduated in 1799. His printed volumes are not less than twenty, and his reviews and essays fill more than two thousand octavo pages.

WILLIAM GOODELL.

The aged Mr. John Adams, for many years preceptor of the Academy at Andover, Mass., and now a Sabbath-school missionary in Illinois, writing a letter to a Sabbath-school in New York, gave the following facts in the early life of the Rev. Mr. Goodell, the well-known missionary in Turkey:

The first time I saw him was at my door, as I was leaving the house to open the academy, after a short vacation. He addressed me modestly, and inquired, "Are you Mr. Adams?" "Yes." "Well, I want to enter your academy." "Very

well; go with me." "Can I have 'charity?'" "That will depend on circumstances. If, upon trial for one quarter, you are found worthy, you can receive aid from our 'charity fund.' I can give you no other encouragement at present." "I wish I had not come."

Upon this, I perceived the tears were dropping; he was evidently disappointed. I said to him, "You are poor, your father cannot aid you in obtaining an education, you say. If it be so, do you expect to be fitted for college, then to pass through college, and then to complete your preparation for the ministry—all this without *trials*?" This had the desired effect. He recovered himself, taking his handkerchief, which his good mother had manufactured, to wipe away his tears, and followed me along till we entered the academy.

I took his name, age, and residence,

gave him a Latin grammar, and assigned him a seat. Before the close of the morning session, I called him to recite his lesson. He repeated all the first page "verbatim," notes and all; then the second, then the third. I said, "You must have studied the Latin grammar before." His reply was, "I never saw a Latin grammar before you gave me this." He went on in his studies with great rapidity and accuracy. In our daily spelling exercises I never knew him to misspell a single word. In short, he proved himself to be an excellent scholar, a pious and devoted youth. He obtained all the charitable aid he needed. He had no more tears to shed but those of gratitude.

When he came to Andover, he did not come by railroad, for at that time there was none. Neither did he ride in the stage, for this would have cost money, of which he had none. But he came

a journey of several days on foot, bringing his *all* with him in a wooden trunk or box made by his own hands, and lashed to his back.

After he had been in the academy about a year, I consulted with him about my writing to Mr. Solomon Goodell, a wealthy uncle of his in Vermont. He said, "It will do no good. Uncle is a hard-working man, and is careful of every copper. He thinks that boys ought to work, work, instead of idling away their time in getting *larning*." After several weeks, notwithstanding this discouraging account, I wrote to his uncle as good a letter as I could, commending to his favorable notice his very worthy nephew.

After several months, a stranger rode up to my door and handed me a scrap of paper in the form of a letter to me, in nearly the following words: "Sir, I send

you a pair of *fat oxen*^d for William Goodell in your school." This present was unexpected, and may have led the way in opening his heart to give very generously to the Education Society and to other benevolent objects. He gave by hundreds of dollars in his lifetime, and finally bequeathed the bulk of his property to charitable institutions.

William Goodell, though poor and depressed at first, was sustained in the academy, and then in Dartmouth college, and through a three years' course at the Theological Seminary, Andover, and soon after entered upon his missionary labors. These, for about thirty years, I shall not attempt even to name. They are well known to the churches. After he had finished the last verse of his translation of the Bible into the *Armeno-Turkish* language, I seem to see him fall upon his knees, agitated with

grateful and pious emotions, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and fervent prayer ascending to God from a full heart that he would now bless his own *word*, put into a language which the common people could read and could understand.

BENJAMIN WEST.

The facts connected with the early life of this eminent man, who became the first painter of his day, cannot but be interesting.

The first six years of his life passed away without any thing remarkable, leaving only the sweet remembrance of the joys of home. In the month of June, 1745, one of his sisters who was married, came with her infant daughter to spend a few days at her father's house. When the child was asleep in the cradle,

Mrs. West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin during their absence, giving him a fan to drive away the flies from molesting his little charge. After some time the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at the child with pleasure which he had never before experienced, and seeing some paper on the table, together with pens and red and black ink, he took them up with agitation, and endeavored to draw her portrait. At this time he had scarcely ever seen a picture or engraving, and was only in the seventh year of his age.

Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavored to conceal the picture from them; but his mother observing his confusion, inquired what he had been doing, and requested him to

show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "He has made a likeness of little Sally," and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for the instinct of his genius was now awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of the things which pleased his sight.

Long after this period, Benjamin had no pencil with which to produce his paintings; but having been told that in Europe pencils were made of camel's hair, he determined to procure a substitute; and he extracted from the tail of a black cat the requisite quantity of hairs for his first brush. Such was the commencement of a series of labors which

raised West to high distinction, and to be a favorite even of George the Third of England.

ADAM CLARKE.

Let our young readers who have not been blessed with very quick and brilliant talents, be encouraged to labor and persevere, in the hope of making progress in whatever it may be important for them to learn.

The celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke, a commentator on the Bible, was, in the estimation of his teachers, till nine years of age, the very embodiment of dulness and stupidity. As such, when at this age, he was pointed out by his teacher to a respectable stranger who visited the school. The gentleman, with much tenderness of manner, replied that he thought the teacher had mistaken the

genius of the boy; that he had talents, and might yet attain to eminence in the literary world. That kind word struck a chord in the mind of the boy which made the future man one of the lights of the earth.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Many years ago, a little boy was entered at a celebrated public school at Harrow, in England. He was placed in a class beyond his years and attainments, where all his companions had had the advantages of previous instruction, which he had not enjoyed. The tutor reproved him for his dulness, and feared that all his efforts would not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, young William procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through

in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep to their diligent study, till in a few weeks he gradually began to rise, and in a short time he shot far ahead of all his companions, and was the pride of the school. That boy became the well-known and most eminent oriental scholar Sir William Jones, and a great blessing to the eastern world. He used to say, that God denies nothing in the way of learning, to well-directed diligence.

Early Attention to Religion.

MRS. LISTER.

AT an association of Baptist churches, held at Accrington in England, in 1823, a very interesting scene was presented. The letters from the churches were read to a large congregation, to many of whom the whole services were entirely new. Various emotions excited every bosom, as the different facts from the churches were read.

The letter from the church then meeting in Lime-street, Liverpool, contained an affecting reference to the death of the wife of their honored pastor, the late Rev. James Lister. She had been highly esteemed, and the feeling manifested was very strong.

In the midst of this "great weeping," the bereaved husband rose in the midst of the congregation, and entreated permission of the Moderator to address the assembly for a moment or two. He proceeded to sketch, in two or three sentences, the character of his departed wife, describing her devotedness to God, and her usefulness in the church; and then addressing the younger portion of the audience, he went on to say that the eminence of her piety was the result of its early commencement.

"She did not defer religion," he said, "but at a very early period dedicated her heart to God, so that at the age of ten years she was admitted to the enjoyment of church privileges." He then proceeded to state, that on the occasion of her public reception, with others, into the church, the congregation were powerfully affected at the sight of a candidate so young,

especially as she was very small for her age ; and that this feeling was greatly increased by the venerable pastor raising her in his arms before the congregation, and telling the communicants around him that no one among them had given more decided evidence of a change of heart than that dear child had done.

He closed with a most impressive address to the young on the importance of early piety, and its influence on the happiness and usefulness of those who possess it.

A YOUNG LADY.

‘The Pastor’s Journal,’ a few years since, told us of a young lady who made a visit to one of her young friends.

On her way she took an unfrequented path through a deeply shaded grove ; and as the day was very warm, after pursu-

ing her walk some distance up a somewhat steep acclivity, she sat down to rest herself on a beautiful mossy bank. While there, the tones of a human voice very unexpectedly broke upon her ear. On turning her eye towards the place from whence the sound came, she saw Deacon M—— on horseback, making his way up the same hill. The thought occurred to her that she would retire from the sight of the road, and allow him to pass without being discovered by him. She did so.

As Deacon M—— approached slowly on his horse, she wondered what could be his object in talking so earnestly to himself, as she could distinctly see that no human being was with him. As he drew nearer, she found that he was engaged in earnest prayer, and she distinctly heard the words, "Oh Lord, have mercy on the dear youth in this place."

He passed on praying, till the sounds which came from his lips died away on the ear of the young lady. But an impression was made upon her heart which never died away. "Is this the manner," she reflected within herself, "in which Christians live, and pass on their way from one place to another? Do they thus pray for the youth? How unlike a Christian have I lived! While others pray for me, I live without prayer for myself."

Her sins, especially her neglect of prayer, now became to her a distressing burden; and her friends soon after had reason to hope that there was joy among the angels of God over her and others as penitents, during a revival of religion that followed in the town.

MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Of the early life of the consort of THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY we know comparatively little, but that little is highly instructive. Her first name was Dandridge; she is said to have greatly excelled in personal attractions, but her humility never allowed her unduly to value them; her pleasing manners and general amiableness of disposition caused her to be distinguished among the fair ones who usually assembled at the court of Williamsburgh, then held by the royal governors of Virginia. At seventeen she was married, and was introduced to the highest society; and after her second marriage, which was with Washington, in her twenty-seventh year, she became "the observed of all observers," and lived and died in the highest reputation for every thing which adorns the female character.

One passage given by her biographer so beautifully presents her character to the admiration, and we trust imitation of our young readers, that we transcribe it for their benefit.

“Mrs. Washington was an uncommonly early riser, leaving her pillow at day-dawn at all seasons of the year, and becoming at once actively engaged in her household duties. After breakfast she retired for an hour to her chamber, which hour was spent in prayer and reading the holy Scriptures, a practice that she never omitted during half a century of her varied life.”

Decision of Christian Conduct.

A YOUTH IN KENTUCKY.

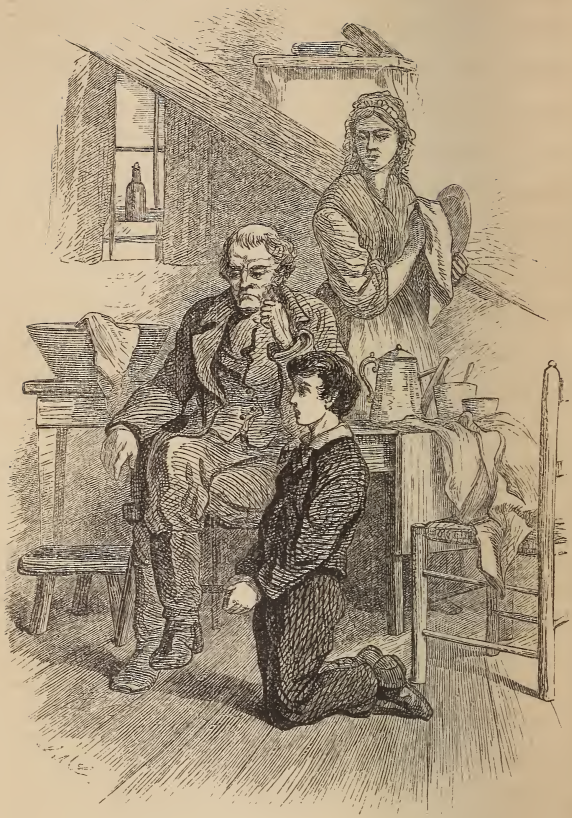
ABOUT the year 1828, a young lad in Kentucky was hopefully converted to the faith of Christ. His father was an avowed enemy to religion, and while his son entreated him with tears to seek the favor of God, he turned away with profane language on his lips. Still the youth showed the power of religion in his own heart, and continued his affectionate entreaties that his father would seek the salvation of his soul. The father became enraged, and in a high passion told his son that he should renounce his religion, or leave his home; and gave him till the next morning to decide the question.

The night was spent by this young disciple of Christ in laying his sorrows before God, and asking wisdom from heaven. The morning came, and the father, still firm in his decision, demanded of the son if he had made up his mind on the subject before them.

“Yes, father,” said the faithful boy, “I am decided to serve God, to serve him as long as I live; and I feel assured that ‘when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.’”

The inflexible father directed him to the door, and desired him to leave his house for ever.

The son begged that once more he might have permission to pray with his parents before he bade them a final adieu. So reasonable a request could not be refused. He knelt down and prayed. The fulness of his soul was poured out, and



his earnest cries went up to the throne of God. The Holy Spirit descended, and both father and mother felt the oppressive weight of their sins.

When the lad rose from his knees, the hearts of his parents relented; they besought him to tell them what they should do to be saved. In the spirit of the gospel he directed them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Hope in Jesus they were soon enabled to cherish, and they became Christians indeed, and united with a church of Christ.

RHODA ANN.

In the time of a revival in Harbor Creek, Penn., the daughter of an infidel was happily converted to God, and was accepted as a candidate for admission to the church.

On the morning of the day when she was to be admitted, she told her intention to her unbelieving father. He angrily told her that if she went he would immediately banish her from his house. After consulting with some of her friends, she concluded to defer the duty till some future season; but as one after another went forward and confessed Christ before all, Rhoda herself rose from her seat and joined them, saying with streaming eyes, "I believe it is better to obey God than man." There was a moral sublimity in the thought and in this new occasion of its utterance, which must have wrought a most thrilling impression on every mind, as she was welcomed into the church.

On her return home she found her father absent; but when he came in, some of the members of the family told him what Rhoda had done. Turning to her,

he said, "Rhoda, you remember what I said to you this morning; you must now quit my house." She solicited the privilege of taking with her her clothes and whatever else she owned; and having obtained permission, collected them together, bade her friends farewell, and started forth on her exile between sundown and dark.

Soon after she had gone out, her father called to her: "Rhoda Ann, you may come back now. I only want you to understand that I am to be obeyed." She returned; and from that time her father treated her with greater kindness and tenderness than ever before.

THE CLERKS IN BOSTON.

When I was a young man, says a clergyman, I was a clerk in Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding-house

were also clerks about my own age, which was eighteen. The first Sunday morning, during the three or four long hours which elapsed from getting up to bell-ringing for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible, which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read it; for I had been so brought up by my parents, as to regard it a duty to read a chapter or two every Sabbath.

I was now very anxious to get my Bible and read, but I was afraid to do so before my room-mates, who were reading some miscellaneous books. At length my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half opened it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look like oversanctity and phariseeism; so I shut my trunk, and returned to the window. For twenty minutes I was miserably ill at ease. I felt I was doing wrong.

I started towards my trunk a second time, and had my hand upon the little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again let fall the top of the trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my room-mates who observed my irresolute movements, said laughingly,

“J——, what’s the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock.”

I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told them both what was the matter. To my surprise and delight, they both spoke out, and said that they each had a Bible in his trunk, and each had been secretly wishing to read it, but was afraid to take it out, lest I should laugh at him. “Then,” said I, “let us agree to read our Bibles every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh all on one side.” To this there was a hearty re-

sponse, and the next moment the Bibles were out; and I assure you we all felt happier all that day for reading them that morning.

The following Sabbath, about ten o'clock, while we were each reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stared, and then exclaimed,

“Bless us! what is all this? A conventicle?”

In reply, I, smiling, related to them exactly how the matter stood: my struggle to get my Bible from my trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath.

“Not a bad idea,” answered one of them. “You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Bos-

ton. But I'll read it after this, since you have broken the ice."

The other then asked one of us to read aloud, and both sat and quietly listened till the bell rang for church.

That evening we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night by one or the other of us at nine o'clock, and we religiously adhered to our purpose. A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders—for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house—happened to be in our room talking when the nine o'clock bell rang. One of my room-mates, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

"We'll stay and listen," they said, almost unanimously.

The result was that, without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent

his Sabbath morning in reading the Bible; and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character.

I relate this incident, concluded the clergyman, to show what influence one person, even a youth, may exert for evil or good. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right, that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were all called the "Bible clerks." All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is laboring in the ministry.

Industry and Punctuality.

TWO YOUTHS IN BOSTON.

THE Boston papers, in the year 1850, gave the following account of two wealthy merchants then residing in that city.

They were conversing together, when considerably advanced in life, as to the period when they were most happy. One of them said, "I will tell you when I most enjoyed life. It was soon after I was twenty-one, when I worked for Mr. —— for twenty cents a day."

"Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars per month, and I have never enjoyed myself better since."

The experience of these two gentle-

men teaches us, first, that a young man's happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains or the station he occupies; and secondly, that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington was a *minute* man. An accurate clock in the entrance-hall at Mount Vernon controlled the movements of the family. At his dinner-parties, he allowed five minutes for difference of watches, and then waited for no one. If members of Congress came at a later hour, his simple apology was, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you;" or, "Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

No one ever waited for General Wash-

ington. He was always five minutes before the time ; and if persons he had engaged to meet were not present at the appointed season, he considered the engagement cancelled, and would leave the place and refuse to return. Noble trait of character ! Many facts might be collected to show that this habit of exact punctuality attended him throughout life.

SAMUEL BREWER.

The late Rev. Samuel Brewer, an eminent minister in London for more than half a century, was throughout life distinguished for punctuality. When a youth in college, he was never known to be a minute behind time in attending the lectures of the professors, or at family prayers, at which the young men who boarded in private families were expected to attend.

One morning the students were collected; the clock struck seven, and all rose up for prayer; but the president observing that Mr. Brewer was not present, paused for a season, and when he entered the room, said, "Sir, the clock has struck, and we are ready to begin; but as you were absent, we supposed the clock was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

A YOUNG CLERK.

An eminent preacher, not long since, in an address to young men, said,

I once knew a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "To-morrow, that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was a young man of

energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work ; he made his arrangements overnight, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, he requested the laborers to be there at half past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the business was done. About ten or eleven o'clock his employer came in, and seeing him sit in the counting-room, looked displeased, supposing that his commands had not been obeyed.

“I thought,” said he, “that you were requested to get out that cargo this morning.”

“It is all done, sir,” said the young man, “and here is the account of it.”

That young man was never behind from that moment—never. His character was established, confidence was fixed. He was found to do every thing with

promptness. He very soon became one who could not be spared, and was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a pious young man, spent his life in active benevolence, and left his family an ample fortune.

Manifestations of Piety.

ATTACHMENT TO THE SCRIPTURES— LADY JANE GREY.

THIS most amiable and accomplished young lady, nearly allied to the royal family of England, and devoted to Protestant piety, was put to death at the early age of eighteen years. The night before she was beheaded, she sent a Greek Testament to her sister Catherine with this high encomium written at the end of it:

“I have here sent you, good sister Catherine, a book which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed

unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy; and if you with a good mind read it, and do with an earnest mind purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you how to live and how to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your woful father's lands; for as, if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so, if you apply diligently to this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moth corrupt."

MISS WEST.—Miss Louisa West, a young lady of fifteen, at Georgetown, Kentucky, accurately committed to memory the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time attending to her domestic duties.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE—MR. D——.

Few things are more valuable than a tender conscience. Without this, we are exceedingly liable to fall into sins and remain ignorant of the fact. The Rev. Mr. D—— of Michigan states that soon after his conversion, at fourteen, he was standing at his father's door playing with a younger brother's sled. The little boy was not pleased, and the elder one, in displeasure, threw the sled over the fence. The conscience of the young convert reproached him with this unkindness to his brother, and with a line of conduct inconsistent with his Christian profession. He confessed his fault, and was afterwards more careful to have "a conscience void of offence towards God and man."

CONFIDENCE IN GOD—AN AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

A poor woman who had seen more prosperous days was observed by her little daughter one morning weeping very bitterly. "Don't cry, mother; don't cry," said the affectionate girl. "I know very well what makes you cry; it is because you have nothing for us to eat for breakfast; but never mind, mother, God has never let a single day pass yet without sending us one meal at least, and I am sure he will not forsake us now."

Scarcely were these words uttered when a neighbor called to say that a friend of hers wanted a woman to do a little work for about two hours; and knowing the distress of this poor woman, she made the offer to her. Of course it was gratefully and gladly accepted;

and when she returned home to her hungry child with some food purchased out of the produce of her labor, the affectionate little girl exclaimed, while tears of gratitude started in her eyes and a smile of pleasure beamed in her face, "There, mother, did I not say that God would send us one meal to-day? and you see he has been a great deal kinder to us than we expected."

RESIGNATION TO GOD—A LITTLE GIRL.

It is very right that children should think well of what the great God does; and that they should try to make others think rightly of him too. A pious lady lost a little child by death. She was soon after sitting with her little daughter about three years of age, and talking with her about the death of her little brother.

As the mother told her that God had taken him to heaven, she wept. The little girl, after thinking for a few moments, asked her mother, "Was it proper for God to take Henry to heaven?" The mother replied, "Yes." "Well then," said the little girl, "if it was proper for God to take him away, what do you cry for, ma?"

LOVE TO CHRIST IN DEATH—MAS-
TER CADOGAN.

True piety will enable us to make not only a good beginning, but also a happy ending. Here is a beautiful illustration of this fact in the case of a little boy, the son of the Rev. Mr. Cadogan, a clergyman of high rank in England.

The worthy clergyman was carrying his little sick boy in his arms as he walked to and fro in the chamber. The

head of the little sufferer rested on his father's shoulder, and it was manifest that death was near. Breathing with great difficulty, the dear child with a great effort raised his head, and looking up in his father's face, said, "That was a sweet saying, was it not?" "What saying, my dear child?" asked the father. "Why, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,'" replied the child; and having so said, he laid his head down again on his father's shoulder and died.

Yes, that was indeed "a sweet saying," that saying of the blessed Jesus. May every one of my readers enjoy its sweetness in life, in death, and throughout eternity.

Early Efforts to do Good.

A YOUNG PRECEPTOR.

MORE than forty years ago, a young man who was preceptor of the academy at Bradford, Mass., became deeply interested in religion. He was invited to a social party to spend the evening, and after tea the tables were spread for card-playing.

When he saw this, his mind became greatly exercised as to what he ought to do. Several of the company were young ladies who were members of his school, and he felt his responsibility as to the influence he should exert upon them. At length he made up his mind that he would not engage in the amusement, and retired to another room. The young la-

dies soon asked, "Where is the preceptor?" They all gathered around him, and entreated him to join them in a game of cards. He told them that he could not, and gave them his reasons. The opportunity was embraced for a free conversation on personal religion.

Among the young ladies present that evening was Harriet Atwood, afterwards Mrs. Newell, one of the first company of missionaries who went from this country to Asia. The faithful conversation of that young man resulted in her conversion. The young man himself has been for more than forty years a successful Christian pastor in New Hampshire. The full results of that act of Christian decision and effort can never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

MRS. S. B. JUDSON.

The early life of this eminent Christian lady, the second wife of the late Rev. Dr. Judson of Burmah, was distinguished by an intent pursuit of knowledge and by the manifestation of Christian zeal. While quite young, she visited at a house where a young gentleman had left a pack of gaming-cards upon the table. She saw them there, and wrote upon the envelope, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Startled, conscience-stricken, and curious, the gentleman made every effort to discover the source of the warning, and finally succeeded in engaging a mutual friend to convey a note of inquiry to the young mistress. She immediately replied:

“And wouldst thou know what friend sincere
Reminds thee of thy day of doom?
Repress the wish; yet thou mayest hear
She sheds for thee a pitying tear,
For thine own paths of gloom.”

PROFESSOR B——.

Professor B—— of Michigan university, a few years ago described the following scene at his father's house:

My father had deceived himself into the belief that his talents were not equal to the duty of maintaining family worship. He had lived for more than forty years in every other respect as a consistent Christian. One of his sons at the time referred to was preparing for the Christian ministry, and was spending his vacation at home. The last evening of his stay had arrived; the family Bible was, as usual, placed before him on the

stand, and he was expected to lead in prayer.

The thought occurred to him that for a year or more, whatever devotion might be felt, no voice of prayer would be heard in the family, except from the lips of strangers. This thought greatly affected him; and endeavoring to use a proper manner, he addressed his beloved parent:

“Father, I am much pleased to lead in this exercise when at home, but I am pained at the thought that there is to be no more prayer here till I return. I know the diffidence of your nature, and know that it would be difficult for you to overcome it, so as to conduct family prayer; but would it not be attended with satisfaction to yourself and a blessing to the family worth a far greater sacrifice? You can ask a favor from a neighbor—to do the same thing with God is

prayer; and the man greatly mistakes who supposes that to be the best prayer which is clothed in the most fluent language.”

The old gentleman was affected, and gave an account of his feelings and practice in this respect since the commencement of his Christian course. Tears glistened in the eyes of some members of his family entirely unaccustomed to weep for sin. The remonstrance proved effectual. He whose voice, though for forty years a father and a professed Christian, had never been heard in prayer by his children, at the age of threescore years and ten commenced the discharge of that duty in his family. His children, ten in number, afterwards all professed faith in Christ.

The Minor Morals Exemplified.

GRATITUDE—HON. A. H. STEPHENS.

AT a meeting in Alexandria, in 1848, the Hon. A. H. Stephens of Georgia delivered an address in behalf of the Orphan Asylum, in which he said,

“A poor little boy, in a cold night, with no home to shelter his head, no parental guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the trials of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host had died, and some dis-

honest persons had formed a conspiracy to obtain from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan-boy years before welcomed and so kindly treated by her deceased husband. The stimulus of lively gratitude was added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity;" and with an emphasis of emotion which sent its electric thrill through the house, Mr. Stephens added, "that orphan-boy now stands before you."

LOVE TO TEACHERS—COUNTESS OF
PEMBROKE.

It is important always to cherish a spirit of gratitude for favors we receive

from all. But we owe great love to those from whom we have received the knowledge of divine things. We have seen the most delightful evidences of kindness shown by Sabbath scholars to their teachers, and grateful feelings shown to secular instructors. We may mention, as an interesting circumstance in the life of Ann Countess of Pembroke, who was distinguished more than two centuries since by her learning, her decision of character, the languages she acquired, and the honors she enjoyed, that she erected a monument to the memory of her tutor, and always spoke of him with the utmost veneration as her guide in the rudiments of knowledge.

GENTLENESS OF SPIRIT—A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL.

A celebrated teacher in Paris was in the habit of relating to his pupils, as

they stood in a half circle before him, anecdotes of illustrious men, and obtaining their opinions respecting them, rewarding those who answered well with tickets of merit. On one of these occasions he mentioned an anecdote of Marshall Turenne.

• On a fine summer's day, said he, while the marshal was leaning out of his window, the skirts of his coat hanging from him, his valet entered the room, and approaching his master with a soft step, gave him a violent blow with his hand. The pain occasioned by it brought the marshal instantly round, when he beheld his valet on his knees, imploring his forgiveness, saying that he thought it was George his fellow-servant.

The question was then put to each of the scholars, "What would you have done to the servant had you been in the marshal's situation?" A haughty French

boy, who stood first, said, "Done! I would have run him through with my sword." This reply filled the whole school with surprise; and the master sentenced the boy to the forfeiture of his tickets for his cruel disposition.

After putting the question to the other children, and receiving different answers, he came at length to a little English girl about eight years of age. "Well, my dear," asked he, "and what would you have done, supposing you had been Marshal Turenne?" She seriously replied, "I should have said, 'Suppose it had been George, why strike so hard?'" The simplicity and sweetness of this reply excited smiles of approbation from the whole school, and the master awarded the prize and all the forfeitures to this little girl.

PATRIOTISM—GENERAL HAMILTON.

Many years ago, a young man, an undergraduate of one of our colleges, a youth of eighteen, published a pamphlet in which he used this language: "Tell me not of British commons, lords, ministry, ministerial tools, placemen, pensioners, parasites; I scorn to let my life and property depend upon the pleasure of any of them. Give me the steady, uniform security of constitutional freedom. Give me the right of trial by a jury of my own neighbors, and to be taxed by my own representatives only. What will become of the law and courts of justice without this? The shadow may remain, but the substance will be gone. I would die to preserve the law upon a solid foundation; but take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed."

Two years after this, at the age of

twenty, this boy held a commission in the army, and was attached to Washington's staff. He united in all the prominent events of the Revolutionary contest. As a soldier he assisted to win our independence ; as a statesman, to consolidate our liberties, by erecting the great framework of our Constitution ; as an administrative officer, by organizing the government of the Union in its practical details. His name lives among us, his doings are a part of our history, and we convey with pleasure to posterity the name of General Alexander Hamilton.

NEATNESS IN DRESS—MRS. HAN-
COCK.

Mrs. Hancock, wife of the Hon. John Hancock of Boston, was remarkable even to the close of life for the neatness and propriety of her apparel. She was ac-

customed to say that it was equally unpardonable in young persons to be too much pleased with their dress, or to take too little pains to please others.

SELF-POSSESSION—THREE CHILDREN IN MAINE.

A gentleman in one of the interior towns in Maine had gone, with several members of his family, on a Sabbath morning to church, leaving three of his children at home. The oldest of them was a son of thirteen years, the second of eleven, and the third a daughter of nine. These children were considered by their parents every way trustworthy, and no fears were entertained as to the safety of the house while they were in it.

The early part of the time after their parents were gone was spent in reading interesting books, but towards noon they

thought they smelt burning wood. They soon found the whole upper part of the house enveloped in smoke and flame, threatening immediate destruction both to the house itself and to every thing in it.

What was to be done must be done instantly. The eldest boy mounted a horse and rode with all possible speed to obtain assistance from the village, while the younger lad and his sister, with a discretion far beyond their years, set about clearing the house of its most valuable furniture. They first secured their father's papers; next they contrived to remove a valuable clock, by throwing it on its face on a soft bed, which they drew out of the house; in a word, by cool decision and persevering conduct, they had almost emptied the house of what was most valuable before help arrived.

When their parents returned, and had

recovered from the excitement of the first alarm, they were overcome with gratitude to God, who had so wonderfully preserved the lives of their children, and with pleasure in seeing the filial love and the thoughtful care of their sons and daughter.

SELF-RESPECT—JOHN C. SMITH.

The biographer of the late Hon. John Cotton Smith relates, as an illustration of his early self-respect and of his love to his mother, that when quite a child he was reported to her as having spoken disrespectfully to a poor man of the neighborhood. Though he firmly denied it, the proof seemed so strong that she punished him. But his grief at being thought capable of such a wrong, and at falling under his mother's displeasure, was so great, that he could not rest until

he had brought to her the man, who at once cleared him from the charge.

RESPECT TO SOCIETY—A LEGISLATOR'S DAUGHTER.

Some years ago a young lady remarkable for her good sense, a daughter of a distinguished lawyer and member of Congress from Worcester county, was placed at a young ladies' boarding-school in the neighborhood of Boston. Her unaffected manners and sprightliness of character soon attracted the attention and won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of kind offices until one day they inquired of each other the occupation of their fathers.

Our fair friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries allowed them to understand that her father was a shoemaker, when many of them were struck with

horror at her low origin, and a change was at once perceptible in their conduct towards her. She however, though fully understanding them, remained quiet.

After a while the father of the young lady visited the school. As he was a good-looking man, and they observed that the Principal and others treated him with great deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructress who he was. On being told that he was the father of Miss H——, and a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement, and immediately renewed their attention as formerly. Those that had treated her with kindness, without regard to her father's supposed occupation, were ever after favorites.

Holy Zeal in Death.

A CLERGYMAN'S SON.

THE following highly interesting narrative shows the elevating character of Christianity, and the desire of even youthful Christians to be useful in death.

About the middle of December, a group of young people were gathered in the dwelling of their devoted minister for Christian conference and prayer. A few of the number had been for some weeks the subjects of deep religious impressions, and two or three were cherishing a lively hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. Perhaps twenty-five were present, and by no one of them can the scenes of that evening have been forgotten. God the Spirit was there,

and his power was felt, and his efficiency was manifested.

In an adjoining room lay one of the sons of the minister, an interesting lad of twelve years, who was ill of an incurable disease, and expecting very soon to be in eternity. Though a great sufferer, he was happy. Grace had renewed his heart, Christ was precious to him, death had no terror; he looked to heaven as his home. At his request the meeting was held, for he wished from that borderland which he was treading to say a few words to the young whom he was leaving. After the services had proceeded about one hour, he was brought into the room, and placed in an easy-chair. The light from the stand shone full upon his features. He was pale and emaciated, and but for the glow of holy animation that lighted up his eye, he would have seemed ready for his shroud.

In a few short sentences, articulated with difficulty, he told the silent listeners what great things the Saviour had done for him, and how bright was his prospect of that better world whose glories were already opening to his view. Then, as if special strength had been given him, he raised his voice, and said, "My dear young friends, I am going to Jesus; he calls me home, and I go joyfully. May I not hope to meet you all there? Will you not now give your hearts to the Saviour, and so serve him all your days as to be prepared to dwell with him for ever? Oh, do not put off so important a work. Look on me, and see how necessary it is to repent and believe in early life. Had I now no hope in Christ, what should I do—where should I go? When you lay me in my grave, remember my words." He was exhausted, and his brother bore him to the bed from which he never rose again.

The scene was tender and affecting. The words of the dying youth sunk into the hearts of the impenitent. Exhortations and prayers followed which had the unction of heaven. Nearly all bowed before the gentle pressure of the divine influence, like willows before the summer breeze, and yielded without resistance to the Redeemer's claims.

Among the attendants at that meeting was a young man who had just commenced teaching the district school. He had been religiously educated, and was regarded as "piously inclined." But his heart was opposed to God, and he endeavored to brace himself against all the appeals and influences of that impressive occasion. He was far from easy; he knew his duty; but he shed not a tear, he exhibited no signs of emotion. He held up his head, looked gravely, and determined to appear unaffected. But

after the services were concluded, while the few converts were singing,

“Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go,”

the inward springs were touched by an invisible power. He felt what never can be described. A friend whispered to him the inquiry, “Have you no interest in this great subject?” This opened a sluice for his pent-up emotion. He too confessed the power which he could no longer resist. He became an inquirer, and for a week writhed under the anguish of conviction, when, by the grace of God, he found relief at the foot of the cross.

During that week the amiable young Joseph breathed his last. Many lamented the early transfer of such a plant of promise; all believed that he was gone to unfold his graces in the paradise of God. The night before his funeral, the

school-teacher and two associates watched with his remains. It was a dark night, and bitterly cold. The sky was overcast, and every thing portended a storm. No tramp of feet or rumbling wheels was heard without. All was solemn and awful within. The air pressed with mournful cadences through the casements. The large fire of maple lighted up the apartment where the watchers were sitting—the very apartment where the “young people’s meeting” had a few evenings before been held, and connected with which were touching associations. The door was open into the room where slept the youth in placid repose. The three young men sat near together, and conversed upon solemn themes. Their feelings were similar; they had no hope of future glory; they were seeking the Saviour, and fearing they should fail and be lost. Timid as children, every sound made them hold

their breath, and quiver with solicitude. Occasionally the ground would break with a loud report, so intense was the cold, and the doors and windows shook with the concussion. It was a long, dreary night to those awakened sinners, watching with the dead.

The next day the house was filled with sympathizing neighbors. The sleeper lay with a face like polished alabaster, his eyes perfectly closed, his hair laid smoothly over his temples, and his lips a little parted, as if he would give one more exhortation. The spectators came one after another, and looked, and said, "How sweet the expression!"

A hymn was sung—the very hymn for the occasion:

"Why do we mourn departing friends?"

and never did that inestimable tune, China, sound more impressively, or more

deeply thrill all hearts. A sermon was preached which contained many a graphic picture of the blessedness of the righteous, and many a melting appeal to the young to hear the Saviour's claims. The bearers took up the body, and a large procession followed it to the place of sepulture. It was a lonely spot, enclosed by a stone wall, and overrun with ferns and briars. As the bearers passed in with their light burden, the school-teacher, who was one of the number, stepped near the grave of his father, who had two years before found there his resting-place. Oh, what a rush of emotion was there when he thought of paternal counsels and prayers! The body was lowered into its narrow home, the earth fell with a hollow sound upon the coffin, the grave was filled, the sods were laid over the little hillock, the weeping father thanked his friends for their kindness, and the

people dispersed thoughtfully to their homes.

From that time the religious interest spread, and soon became general through the town. More than two hundred souls were the happy subjects of renewing grace. The churches were greatly refreshed and strengthened, candidates for the ministry were multiplied, and the Redeemer's cause gloriously advanced. Years have since passed away, but many of the fruits of that precious revival remain. That school-teacher is the pastor of a Christian church, and his labors have been largely blessed by the applying influences of the Holy Spirit. Whoever may forget young Joseph, he will not.

CONCLUSION.

IF the facts recorded in this little volume have answered any good purpose, they have surely taught us that the lives of these eminent persons show the importance of true, earnest, youthful religion. Their triumphs and their defects, their achievements and their failures, all teach us that youth is in the end powerless unless it takes wisdom for its companion; and that strength of years, ardor, energy, all fail of attaining the great results of life, unless allied to religion and virtue.

Let my young readers be persuaded to improve the high privileges they enjoy, and attain the happiness which the infinitely gracious Saviour has placed within their reach. Never before had any young persons, in any part of the world, such opportunities to know God, and the

ways of happiness and peace, as those of this age and country. Dreadful indeed will be the eternal condition of those who do not improve them; but blessed beyond conception will be the wise who themselves accept Christ, and who turn many unto righteousness.





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